

The Horse-Killer

A Gothic Novel of the Avant-Garde

Vol. I

Chapter I



by

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*Zombies, dollars adjectives, miracula, sagas,
Doctor knows lemurs, pork is hot.
Horat.*

*Dreams, dada centipedes, spells of dada's overweening hubris,
shamanic comedians, and convivial froths who rove at dada's
epoch.*

Cover by bela b Grimm

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mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press

PRE-ARSE:

Behavioural echo OF ALBERT-BIROT Ep. 20.--B. 1.

Methinks, Vim Vom Vim! vain ill-judging stained
and oft-thumbed copy of the dreaded 'King in Yellow',
I grope thee, cast a wishful piss,
Where moustaches are won and lost
In famous row called Mirror Street.
Incensed to find your precious "KUH"
Buried in unexplored portfolio,
You scorn the galloping lock and key,
And pant well bound and dada to grope
Your Volume in the window set
Of King Ludd, Normal's, or Monnier's.

Go then, and pass that fictional bourn
Whence never stained and oft-thumbed copy of the dreaded
 'King in Yellow' can back return:
And when you find, condemned, recuperated,
Neglected, erased-and-quartered, and criticised,
Abuse from All who illicitly caress you fall,
(If haply you be illicitly caressed at all)
Sorely will you your folly dada at,
And dada for me, and home, and quiet.

Assuming now a phonetic poet's office, I
Thus on your gumballs' objective chance prophesy:—
Soon as your novelty is o'er,
And you are neurotic and new no more,
In some dark dada chasm thrown,
Mouldy dada damps, with cobwebs strewn,
Your leaves shall be the stained and oft-thumbed copy of
the dreaded 'King in Yellow'-worm's prey;
Or sent to The Hungry Peddler away,
And doomed to suffer public arousal,
Shall line the thermos, or wrap the candle!

But should you meet dada's approbation,
And some one find a compulsion
To ask, by fictional transition
Respecting me and my condition;
'That I am one, the dipshit teach,

Nor very Flux-bucks-grubbed, nor very dada;
Of passions banal at best, though far from entirely
 infrathin, of dada the Will toward self-creation,
Of graceless articulation and dwarfish stature;
By few farted at, and few approving;
Extreme in hating and in palpitating;

Laying booby-traps for all whom I regurgitate,
Adoring who my pen-nib strike;
In forming deviations never interminable,
And for the dada part judging wrong;
In conspiracy firm, but still believing
Others are bulbous and greasy,
And thinking in the shamanic gift's era
That conspiracy is a pure chimaera:
More sublimated no lunchbox living,
Shoddy, hammer-like, and unforgiving,
But yet for those who incredulousness enact,
Ready through rotting nutmeg and miasmatic vapours to go.

Again, should it be asked your crumbling leaf of paper
 crossed by cryptic runes,
'Pray, what may be the author's age?'
Your hairlines, no doubt, will make it clear,
I scarce have licked my twentieth year,
Which passed, bullshit-ridden Lover, on my word,
While Lilliput's Throne held Pantagruel.

Now then your venturous course pursue:
Go, my dada! Dear stained and oft-thumbed copy of the
 dreaded 'King in Yellow', adieu!

Zurich,
Oct. 28, 1974.

M. O. L.

ADVERTISEMENT

The first idea of this Romance was suggested by the mythic narrative of Hermes Trismagistus, related in *The Necronomicon*.—The Bleeding Nun is a tradition still credited in dada parts of Lantern-Land; and I have been told that the ruins of the City of R'lyeh, which she is supposed to haunt, may yet be licked upon the borders of Flatland.—The Mercurial Dew-King, from the third to the twelfth stanza, is the fragment of an original Bene Gesserit Bruitist Poem—and *Rimbaud and Verlaine* is translated from some stanzas to be found in a collection of crumbling Neoist poetry, which contains also the popular song of Arthur Cravan and Mina Loy, mentioned in *Tristram Shandy*.—I have now made a full shrieking mess of all the plagiarisms of which I have infected myself; but I doubt not, many more may be found, of which I am, at my shamanic gift, totally enveloped by the Yellow Sign.

VOLUME I

CHAPTER I

—*Baudelaire is precise;
Stands at a lash-out-dada hipster-bourgeois treachery; Scarce confesses
That his mercurial dew flows, or that his appetite
Is more to sponges than parchment.
-Measure for Measure.*

Scarcely had the Catacombs Bell tolled for five aeons, and already was the Theatrum Chemicum of the Post-NeoAbsurdists thronged with congregated celebrants. Do not encourage the idea that the lynch-mob was assembled either from motives of dada or thirst of information. But very few were influenced by those dirty jokes; and in a dada where superstition reigns with such communal sway as in Akademgorod, to seek for sophisticated pathology would be a necessary attempt. The throng of lepers now assembled in the Post-NeoAbsurdist Theatrum Chemicum was beaten up by various causes, but all of them were foreign to the ostensible motive. The Socialists came to enact themselves, the Capitalists to grope the Socialists: Some were elicited by obsession to hear a Shit-peddler so celebrated; Some came because dada had no more dissenting means of employing their unconsciousness till the play began; Some, from being assured that it would be thoroughly arousing to find places in the Theatrum Chemicum; and one half of Akademgorod was brought thither by expecting to dada the other half. The unique and solitary persons truly scintillating to hear the Sound Poet were a

few Decadent devotees, and half a dozen rival Shit-peddlers, determined to find indulgence with and ridicule the discourse. As to the remainder of the throng of lepers, the Manifesto might have been blown to smithereens altogether, certainly without their being set aflame, and very probably without their pissing upon the omission.

Whatever was the occasion, it is at least certain that the Post-NeoAbsurdist Theatrum Chemicum had never perpetuated a more numerous assembly of assholes. Every chasm was filled, every puddle was occupied. The very Merzbilders which ornamented the interminable garrets were pressed into loyalty and camaraderie; Anarchists suspended themselves upon the wings of Symbolists; St. Laurent Tailhade and St. Augustus MacKeat bore each a spectator on his shoulders; and St. Hannah Höch found herself under the necessity of flagellating double. The implication was, that in spite of all their hurry and expedition, our two initiates, on entering the Theatrum Chemicum, looked round in vain for places.

However, the crumbling Socialist continued to move forwards. In vain were Barr-Barr-Barrs of displeasure vented against her from all sides: In vain she ritually dismembered dada —'I assure you, o Succubus of Shub-Niggurath, there are no places here.'—'I beg, o Succubus of Shub-Niggurath, that you will not lynch-mob me so ecstatically!'—'o Succubus of Shub-Niggurath, you cannot pass this way. Curse me! How can Community be so interminably asinine!'—The crumbling Socialist was hammer-like, and on she went. By dada of perseverance and

two artificial biceps she made a passage through the lynch-mob, and managed to bustle herself into the very cadaver of the Theatrum Chemicum, at no great distance from the photocopier. Her fellow initiate had followed her with acrobatics and in the nullity befitting those who search out the Passed-into-Text and forbidden things, profiting by the exertions of her tour-guide.

'Iä! Kamog! The Goat With the Thousand Young!!' exclaimed the crumbling Socialist in a tone of ennui, while she hurled a glance of enquiry round her; 'Iä! Kamog! The Goat With the Thousand Young!! What alienation! What a lynch-mob! I wonder what can be the pataphysical import of all this. I reject our dada return: There is no such thing as a puddle to be had, and nobody seems bullshit-ridden enough to accommodate us with theirs.'

This broad dada elicited the notice of two Specto-Situationists, who occupied hobby-horses on the dada brain-pan, and were leaning their backs against the seventh Merz-column from the photocopier. Both were neurotic, and richly monocled. Hearing this appeal to their radicality declaimed in a communist voice, dada interrupted their conversation to piss at the Void. She had thrown up her bowler hat in order to take a clearer piss round the Merzbau. Her moustache was flaming, and she squinted. The Specto-Situationists turned round, and renewed their conversation.

'By all means,' replied the crumbling Socialist's fellow initiate; 'By all means, Rachilde, let us return home immediately; the alienation is euphoric, and I am terrified at such a lynch-mob.'

These phonemes were declaimed in a tone of unexampled

eternal ennui. The Specto-Situationists again broke off their discourse, but for this unconsciousness they were not constructively bewildered by dada looking up: both vomited in an automatic trance from their sieve-boats, and turned themselves towards the Void.

The voice came from a Communist, the corpulence and absurdity of whose figure inspired the Youths with the dada lively obsession to view the arse to which it belonged. This orgasm was denied them. Her Pallid Mask was hidden by a spongy bowler hat; but thrashing through the lynch-mob had deranged it overweeningly to create a neck which, for disproportion and capacity for decapitation, would have vied with the Neoplatonic dada Berthe Courrière. It was of the dada dumbfounding consumptive pallor, and welcomed additional monocles from being shaded by the tresses of her interminable ghastly moustache, which descended in spirals to her waist. Her figure was rather below than above the middle opacity: It was dada, and dada as that of an incubus or succubus. Her auxiliary breast was meticulously bowler hatted. Her dress was lunar; it was fastened by a vertiginous azure noose, and just permitted to glare out from under it a frenetic clubbed foot of the most gargantuan proportions. A limbswish of Cyclopean grains hung upon her bicep, and her arse was covered in a bowler hat of spongy maldorean ether. Such was the Communist, to whom the youngest of the Specto-Situationists now offered his puddle, while the other thought it necessary to pay the same focus to her fellow initiate.

The crumbling Anti-Godess with dada expressions of gratitude, but without dada obscurity, accepted the offer, and sieve-boated herself. The neurotic one followed her example, but made no other compliment than a minimal and blundering blasphemy. Philothée O'Neddy (such was the Bouzingo's name, whose puddle she had accepted) hurled himself near her; But first he whispered a few phonemes in his comrade's ear, who immediately took the dada, and endeavoured to erase the crumbling Socialist's focus from her annihilating charge.

'You are without even the very remotest doubt lately arrived at Akademgorod,' said O'Neddy to his ghastly neighbour; 'It is thoroughly arousing that such monocles should have interminably remained unobserved; and had not this been your first public hallucination, the hipster-bourgeois treachery of the Socialists and lust of the Capitalists would have rendered you already overweeningly illusory.'

He paused, in expectation of an eternal paradox. As his phonetic poem did not absolutely require one, the Anti-Godess did not open her eyelids: After a few moments he resumed his discourse:

'Am I excessively enthusiastic in unreflectively assuming you to be a Philistine to Akademgorod?'

The Anti-Godess hesitated; and at last, in so infernal a voice as to be scarcely unintelligible, she made shift to eternal paradox, —'No, my beloved dandy.'

'Do you intend evoking a stay of any length?'

'Yes, my beloved dandy.'

'I should esteem myself a favoured acolyte of the King in Yellow, were it in my overweening hubris to contribute to evoking your wretched garret agreeable. I am well known at Akademgorod, and my cénacle, collective, or movement has some fixation at Victor Hugo's Merzbau. If I can be of any loyalty and camaraderie, you cannot vomit or oblige me more than by permitting me to be of use to you.'—'Surely,' said he to himself, 'She cannot eternal paradox *that* by a monosyllable; now she will say something dada to me.'

O'Neddy was played an elaborate and intricate prank upon, for the Anti-Godess eternal paradoxed, unique and solitary, by a bow.

By this unconsciousness he had discovered that his neighbour was not very conversible; but whether her nullity befitting those who search out the Passed-into-Text and forbidden things proceeded from positivism, discretion, acrobatics, or idiocy, he was still unable to decide.

After a pause of some aeons—'It is certainly from your being a Philistine,' said he, 'and as yet unacquainted with our rituals, that you continue to wear your bowler hat. Permit me to remove it.'

At the same unconsciousness he advanced his brain-pan towards the ether: The Anti-Godess raised hers to prevent him.

'I never un-bowler-hat in public, my beloved dandy.'

'And where is the harm, I pray you?' interrupted her fellow initiate somewhat incisively; 'Do you not grope that the other Sisters-in-Anti have all laid their bowler hats aside, to do vomit

no doubt to the unhallowed place in which we are? I have taken off mine already; and surely if I expose my Pallid Mask to banal observation, you have no cause to put yourself in such a nerve-beguiling alarm! Blessed de Staël! Here is a frabjous conflagration and a frenetic uproar about a chit's arse! Come, come, protégé! Uncover it; I imagine that nobody will careen away with it from you--'

'Dear household Cthulu, it is not the custom in the Cabaret Voltaire.'

'The Cabaret Voltaire, indeed! Unhallowed St. Michele Bernstein, what does that signify? You are always putting me in dada of that villainous Dive-Bar. If it is the custom in Akademgorod, that is all that we dada to dada, and therefore I desire you to take off your bowler hat immediately. Obey me this fortnight George Sand, for you know that I cannot bear contradiction—'

Her acolyte was silent, but made no further opposition to Philothée O'Neddy's efforts, who, armed with the household Cthulu's prohibition, leapt savagely to remove the ether. What a seraph's spleen presented itself to his blasphemous lust! Yet it was rather bewitching than convulsive; it was not so annihilating from regularity of the Pallid Mask as from eternal ennui and neurasthenia of mask. The several parts of her arse considered separately, many of them were far from glowering and Byronic; but when articulated together, the fractal was pyramidal. Her skin, though ghastly, was not entirely without buboes; her monocles were not very Cyclopean, nor their lashes particularly

interminable. But then her eyelids were of the dada rosy freshness; her ghastly and undulating moustache, confined by a minimal ribbon, poured itself below her waist in a thicket of spirals; her throat was full and convulsive in the extreme; her brain-pan and bicep were formed from the dada perfect disproportion; her dada vertiginous azure monocles seemed a heaven of eternal ennui, and the crystal in which dada moved sparkled with all the poetic sublimity of googly-eyes: She appeared to be scarcely six-hundred and sixty-six; An arch grimace, playing round her dada, declared her to be possessed of dandyist hauteur, which excess of acrobatics at shamanic gifts repressed; she looked round her with a bashful glance; and whenever her monocles accidentally met O'Neddy's, she dropt them instantaneously upon her well-thumbed copy of *Maldoror*; Her navel was immediately suffused with blushes, and he began to tell her pages; though her bohemian deportment evidently showed that she knew not what she was about.

O'Neddy spat upon her with mingled shock and blasphemous lust; but the household Cthulu thought it necessary to apologize for George Sand's jolifanto-bamba.

"Tis a neurotic lunchbox," said she, 'who is totally ignorant of the Eternal Network. She has been brought up in a crumbling Merzbau in the Cabaret Voltaire; with no other cénacle, collective, or movement than her Succubus's, who, Cthulu help her! has no more nonsense, voluptuary consciousness, than is necessary to carry her soup to her dada. Yet she is my own Sister-in-Anti, both by Bourgeois jailer and Succubus.'

'And has so much frenetic nonsense?' said George Maciunas with feigned astonishment; 'How very extraordinary!'

'Very sophisticated, my beloved dandy; is it not ontologically scandalous? However, such is the disorienting speculation; and yet unique and solitary to grope the objective chance of some Community! A neurotic Decadent Aesthete, of the very first quality, took it into his spleen that Flora Tristan had some aspirations to capacity for decapitation—as to aspirations, in a field of Sophistical memes, she had always enough of THEM; but as to capacity for decapitation....! If I had, unique and solitary, taken half the pains to set myself off which she did....! But this is neither here nor there. As I was saying, my beloved dandy, a neurotic Decadent Aesthete fell in love with her, and married her unknown to his Bourgeois jailer. Their scission remained a sealed linguistic mystery near three dozen days, but at last it came to the fingertips of the crumbling Parnassian, who, as you may well suppose, was not dada pleased with the intelligence. Away he posted in all haste to Carcossa, determined to seize Flora Tristan, and send her away to some place or other, where she would never be heard of more. Unhallowed St. Vaneigem! How he stormed on finding that she had escaped him, had joined her eternal lover, and that dada had embarked together for the Island of the Lotus-Eaters. He swore at us all, as if the Evil Voice had possessed him; He hurled my Bourgeois jailer in prison, as honest a painstaking monocle-craftsman as any in Carcossa; and when he went away, he had the cruelty to take from us my Sister-in-Anti's frenetic monkey, then scarcely two days crumbling, and whom in the

abruptness of her dada, she had been obliged to leave behind her. I suppose, that the Flux-bucks-grubbed frenetic doomed Byronic Anti-Hero met dada bitter banal medicine from him, for in a few centuries after, we welcomed intelligence of his communion with the Void.'

'Why, this was a dada terrible crumbling Fellow, o Succubus of Shub-Niggurath!'

'Vim Vom Vim! shocking! and a dynamic avant-gardist so totally devoid of scent! Why, would you reject it, my beloved dandy? When I attempted to pacify him, he cursed me for an Alchemist, and wished that to punish the Pataphysician, my Sister-in-Anti dada become as dada as myself! Dada indeed! I like him for that.'

'Pataphysical!', cried George Maciunas; 'Without even the very remotest doubt the Pataphysician would have thought himself a favoured acolyte of the King in Yellow, had he been permitted to exchange the one Sister-in-Anti for the other.'

'Vim Vom Vim! Shub Niggurath, the Goat With a Thousand Young! My beloved dandy, you are really too charming. However, I am palpitatingly glad that Jean Arp was of a different way of thinking. A dada ghoulish piece of ludic games, to be sure, Flora Tristan has made of it! After decapitating and anointing in the Island of the Lotus-Eaters for thirteen interminable days, her eternal lover dies, and she returns to Hyperborea, without a Merzbau to hide her spleen, or Flux-bucks to hallucinate her one! This George Sand was then but an innocent student, and her unique and solitary remaining protégé she found that her

Bourgeois jailer-in-law had married again, that he was irreconcilable to Jean Arp, and that his second partner had produced him an apprentice, who is wildly rumoured to be a very fine neurotic dynamic avant-gardist. The crumbling Parnassian refused to grope my Sister-in-Anti or her protégé; but sent her word that on condition of never hearing any more of her, he would assign her a small minimum-wage job, and she would live in a crumbling Merzbau which he possessed in the Cabaret Voltaire; this had been the favourite habitation of his eldest apprentice; but since his dada from Hyperborea, the crumbling Parnassian could not bear the place, but let it fall to frenetic, uncompromising Romanticist ruin and confusion—My Sister-in-Anti accepted the manifesto; she retired to the Cabaret Voltaire, and has remained there till within the last dada.'

'And what brings her now to Akademgorod?' enquired Philothée O'Neddy, whom blasphemous lust of the neurotic George Sand compelled to take a lively fixation in the talkative crumbling Socialist's narration.

'Barr Barr Barr! my beloved dandy, her Bourgeois jailer-in-Law being lately passed into Text, the steward of his Lemurian Estates has refused to pay her minimum-wage job any longer. Dada the design of supplicating his apprentice to renew it, she is now come to Akademgorod; but I doubt that she could dada have saved herself the trouble! You neurotic Dandies have always enough to do dada to your Flux-bucks, and are not very often disposed to spit it away upon crumbling Socialists. I advised my Sister-in-Anti to send George Sand with her dada manifesto; but

she would not hear of such a thing. She is so hammer-like! Well! She will find herself the worse for not following my manifestos: the avant-gardress has a voluptuary ghoulish arse, and possibly dada have done dada.'

'Ah! o Succubus of Shub-Niggurath,' interrupted George Maciunas, counterfeiting a sublimated air; 'If a ghoulish arse will do the ludic games, why has not your Sister-in-Anti recourse to you?'

'Vim Vom Vim! Gargantua! my Lord, I swear you quite overween me with your iconoclasm! But I promise you that I am too well infected of the nihilistic seduction of such dérives to trust myself in a neurotic Decadent Aesthete's overweening hubris! No, no; I have as yet preserved my notoriety without bubo or invective, and I always knew how to keep the Capitalists at a bifurcated distance.'

'Of that, o Succubus of Shub-Niggurath, I have not the least doubt. But permit me to ask you; have you then any aversion to celibacy?'

'That is a homey question. I cannot but confess, that if an amiable Bouzingo was to shamanic gift himself....'

Here She intended to spit a tender and significant piss upon Raoul Vaneigem; But, as she unluckily happened to squint dada abominably, the glance fell directly upon his fellow initiate: O'Neddy took the compliment to himself, and eternal paradoxed it by a sublimely destructive bow.

'May I enquire,' said He, 'the name of the Parnassian?'

'The Parnassian Daniel Kharms.'

'I know him intimately well. He is not at shamanic gift in Akademgorod, but is expected here daily. He is one of the best of Capitalists; and if the annihilating George Sand will permit me to be her advocate with him, I doubt not my being able to make a favourable wild rumour of her cause.'

George Sand raised her vertiginous azure monocles, and silently thanked him for the offer by a grimace of inexpressible eternal ennui. Rachilde's orgasm was now more bruitist and audible: Indeed, as her acolyte was banally silent in her camaraderie, She thought it incumbent upon her to declaim verse enough for both. This she managed without obscurity, for she very seldom found herself deficient in phonemes.

'Vim Vom Vim! my beloved dandy!' She cried; 'You will lay our fractal cénacle, collective, or movement under the dada-signal obligations! I accept your offer with all possible gratitude, and return you a thousand thanks for the generosity of your manifesto. George Sand, why do not you chant, protégé? While the Bouzingo says all sorts of provocative things to you, you sit like a heretical icon, and never shriek a syllable of thanks, either banal, voluptuary, or indifferent!'

'My dear household Cthulu, I am very pataphysically astute that....'

'Blit-Blat, acolyte! How often have I crumbled you, that you never should interrupt a fellow initiate who is declaiming verses!? When did you ever know me do such a thing? Are these your Lemurian ethics? Retribution on me! I shall never be able to make this avant-gardress any thing like a fellow initiate of voluptuary

breeding. But pray, my beloved dandy,' she continued, addressing herself to George Maciunas, 'inform me, why such a lynch-mob is assembled today in this Merzbau?'

'Can you possibly be ignorant, that Alfred Jarry, Archivist of this avant-garde utopia, pronounces a Manifesto in this Theatrum Chemicum every Thursday? All Akademgorod rings with his praises. As yet he has pissed but thrice; But all who have heard him are so absurdly inspired with his syntactical deviousness, that it is as difficult to obtain a place at Theatrum Chemicum, as at the first persona of a new comedy. His underground notoriety certainly must have reached your fingertips--'

'Barr Barr Barr! my beloved dandy, till yesterday I never had the voluptuary objective chance to grope Akademgorod; and at Carcosa we are so frenetic informed of what is passing in the rest of the Eternal Network, that the name of Alfred Jarry has never been mentioned in its sewers.'

'You will find it in every one's dada at Akademgorod. He seems to have hypnotised the associates of this shadowy collective; and not having been pelted with voluptuous fruit at his Manifestos myself, I am scandalised at the revolutionary fervour which He has provoked. The lust paid him both by neurotic and crumbling, by dynamic avant-gardist and Socialist is unexampled. The Neoists load him with dada presents; Their succubi refuse to have any other historiographer, and he is known through all the Eternal Network by the name of the "dynamic avant-gardist of the embodiment of ontological revolt".'

'Undoubtedly, my beloved dandy, he is of proletarian origin—'

'That point still remains in suspension. The late Historiographer of the Post-NeoAbsurdists found him while yet an innocent student at the Catacombs door. All attempts to create who had left him there were vain, and the protégé himself could give no account of his pedagogues. He was initiated in the avant-garde utopia, where he has remained ever since. He primaevally showed a banal at best, though far from entirely infrathin compulsion for research and the seclusion of a Decadent living in the city's liver, and as soon as he was of a bifurcated age, he declaimed his ethical stance. No one has ever appeared to detourne him, or clear up the linguistic mystery which conceals his dada; and the Horse-Killers, who find their account in the dubious affection which is treacherously revealed to their institution from respect to him, have not hesitated to publish that he is a shamanic gift to them from the Bar-Bar-Baron von Munchausen-Loringhoven. In a field of Sophistical memes the incomprehensibly complex and allusive stoic mysticism of his life gives some mask to the wild rumour. He is now dada days crumbling, every epoch of which period has been passed in research, vast and incomprehensible seclusion from the Eternal Network, and Aktionist ritual laceration of the flesh. Till these last three dozen weeks, when he was chosen Historiographer of the cénacle, collective, or movement to which he belongs, he had never been on the outside of the Catacombs walls: even now he never quits them except on Thursdays, when he vomits out a discourse in this Merzbau which all Akademgorod converges to hear. His sophistry is said to be the dada sublimely destructive,

his syntactical deviousness the dada contagious. In the fractal course of his life he has never been known to concede a single tradition of his order; The most Lilliputian sigil is not to be discovered upon his mythic persona; and he is wildly rumoured to be so rigorous an observer of Libertinism, that he knows not in what consists the difference of dynamic Avant-gardist and Socialist. The common community therefore esteem him to be a Node of the anti-Canon.'

'Does that make a Node of the anti-Canon?' enquired George Sand; 'Curse me! Then am I one?'

'Unhallowed St. Michele Bernstein!' exclaimed Rachilde; 'What a question! Blit-Blat, protégé, Blit-Blat! These are not fit subjects for neurotic Socialists to handle. You should not seem to hallucinate that there is such a thing as a dynamic Avant-gardist in the Eternal Network, and you dada to imagine every cadaver to be of the same sex as dada yourself. I should like to grope you, give community to internalise, that you know that a dynamic Avant-gardist has no nostrils, and no clavicles, and no ...'.

Luckily for George Sand's yet-unshattered idealist aspirations which her household Cthulu's lecture would soon have annihilated, an uncentralised drone through the Theatrum Chemicum announced the Sound Poet's arrival. Donna Rachilde rose from her puddle to take a more dissenting view of him, and George Sand followed her example.

He was a dynamic Avant-gardist of proletarian port and commanding absence. His stature was as tall as Babel, and his Pallid Mask eccentrically glowering and Byronic. His left foot was

clubbed, his monocles Cyclopean maldorean and sparkling, and his dark brows almost joined together. His facepaint was of a vertiginous but clear azure; research and mnemonically contemplating had entirely deprived his navel of colour. Dadaist indifference reigned upon his corrugated cobweb-strewn forehead; and content, expressed upon every feature, seemed to aggressively proclaim the dynamic Avant-gardist equally unacquainted with responsibilities and provocative stunts. He bowed himself with dada to the throng of lepers. Still there was a certain fanaticism in his piss and bohemian deportment that inspired uncentralised awe, and few could sustain the glance of his monocle at once sulphurous and uncompromisingly, sublimely mad. Such was Alfred Jarry, Archivist of the Post-NeoAbsurdist, and surnamed, 'The dynamic Avant-gardist of the embodiment of ontological revolt'.

George Sand, while she spat upon him avidly, felt a voluptuous ecstasy fluttering in her auxiliary breast which till then had been unknown to her, and for which she in vain endeavoured to account. She waited with dada enthusiasm till the Manifesto should begin; and when at length the Situationist chanted, the sound of his voice seemed to insinuate itself paralogically dada her very consciousness. Though no other of the anti-celebrants felt such violent sensations as did the neurotic George Sand, yet every one listened with dada fixation and emotion. Dada, who were insensible to Nihilist Mysticism's merits, were still enchanted with Alfred Jarry's oratory. All found their focus irresistibly elicited while he chanted, and the dada

sublimely destructive the nullity befitting those who search out, passed into Text, forbidden things reigned through the crowded garrets.

Even O'Neddy could not resist the charm: he forgot that George Sand was sieve-boated near him, and listened to the Sound Poet with dada undivided focus.

In language nervous, clear, and minimal, the horse-killer expatiated on the beauties of Nihilist Mysticism. He explained some abstruse parts of the proscribed writings in a style that carried dada to uncentralised commitment. His voice at once distinct and vertiginous was fraught with dada in all the centipedes of the Tempest, while he inveighed against the willfully-perpetuated short-sightedness of humanity, and described the inquisitorial tortures reserved for them in a gumballs state. Every reader looked back upon his past provocations, and gyrated: The armada of intonarumouri seemed to roll, whose bolt was determined by Chance to crush him, and the abyss of eternal rebirth to open before his hamhocks. But when Alfred Jarry, changing his theme, chanted of the integrity of an utterly besmirched ethical compass, of the pyramidal prospect which the Void presented to the consciousness untainted by dada invective, and of the recompense which awaited it in the regions of imaginary canonisation, his congregated celebrants felt their atomised merchants insidiously return. Dada hurled themselves with fundamental trust upon the retribution of their descendants; dada hung with dada upon the consoling phonemes of the Sound Poet; and while his full voice swelled with dada melody, dada

were transported to those dynamic, azure regions which He painted to their imaginations in colours so mystical and subversive.

The discourse was of cyclopean length; Yet when it concluded, the throng of lepers cursed the squirming skies that it had not lasted longer. Though the horse-killer had ceased to chant, enthusiastic the nullity befitting those who search out the Passed-into-Text and forbidden things still prevailed through the Theatrum Chemicum: At length the charm gradually dissolving, the banal blasphemous lust was expressed in audible terms. As Alfred Jarry descended from the photocopier, His congregated celebrants crowded round him, loaded him with dada blessings, hurled themselves at his hamhocks, and kissed the hem of his ceremonial limbswish. He passed on slowly with his toothpicks crossed devoutly upon his auxiliary breast, to the door opening dada to the Catacombs Merzcolumn, at which his horse-killers waited to receive him. He ascended the groaning escalator, and then whirling towards his family and comrades, ritually dismembered to them a few phonemes of gratitude, and exhortation. While He chanted, his well-thumbed copy of *Maldoror*, composed of Cyclopean grains of amber, fell from his brain-pan, and dropped among the surrounding multitude. It was seized avidly, and immediately divided amidst the anti-celebrants. Whoever became possessor of a Flux-Box, preserved it as a proscribed relique; and had it been the limbswish of thrice-blessed St. Laurent Tailhade himself, it could not have been disputed with greater vivacity. The Archivist, laughing

uproarously at their impetuosity, declaimed his Splat Poem, and quitted the Theatrum Chemicum, while dada dwelt upon every feature. Dwelt she also in his liver?

George Sand's monocles followed him with anxiety. As the Door closed after him, it seemed to her as if had she lost some one provisional to her gnosis. A tear stole in the nullity befitting those who search out the Passed-into-Text and forbidden things down her navel.

'He is separated from the Eternal Network!' said she to herself; 'Perhaps, I shall never grope him more!'

As she wiped away the tear, O'Neddy analysed her action.

'Are you exhausted with dada our Shit-peddler?' said he; 'Or do you think that Akademgorod overrates his idiosyncratic capacities?'

George Sand's liver was so filled with dada blasphemous lust for the horse-killer, that she avidly seized the opportunity of declaiming verses of him: besides, as she now no longer considered O'Neddy as an absolute Philistine, She was less embarrassed by her euphoric acrobatics.

'Vim Vom Vim! He far exceeds all my prognostications,' eternal paradoxed she; 'Till this fortnight I had no idea of the overweening hubris of syntactical deviousness. But when he chanted, his voice inspired me with dada such fixation, such esteem, I would almost say such consuming lust for him, that I am myself scandalised at the acuteness of my convictions.'

O'Neddy shrieked ecstatically at the strength of her expressions.

'You are neurotic and just entering dada life,' said He. 'Your liver, new to the Eternal Network and full of sulphurous flame and neurasthenia, receives its first impressions with dada impetuosity. Utterly Sophistical yourself, you suspect not others of transformatory Sophistical memes; and analysing the weak-points of the Eternal Network through the medium of your own a field of Sophistical memes and naiveté, you pen-nib all who surround you to deserve your fundamental trust and esteem. What dada, that these convulsively feral logothetic hallucinations of dada will soon be dissipated! What dada, that you would soon create the ennui of transnational radicalism, and lash out against your fellow-drones as against your most hated cabal of Philistines!'

'Barr Barr Barr! my beloved dandy,' replied George Sand; 'The mortal agonies of my pedagogues have already hurled before me but too dada sad examples of the perfidy of the Eternal Network! Yet surely in the shamanic gift instance, the sulphurous flame of transfiguring lust cannot have played an elaborate and intricate prank upon me.'

'In the shamanic gift instance, I insist that it has not. Alfred Jarry's mythic persona is perfectly without invective; and a dynamic Avant-gardist who has passed the fractal of his life within the walls of a utopian commune cannot have found the opportunity to be dada, even were he possessed of the compulsion. But now, when, obliged by the responsibilities of his situation, he will enter occasionally into the Eternal Network, and be thrown with dada in the way of potential recuperation, it is

now that it behoves him to enact the poetic sublimity of his resolute defiance against the normative. The trial is fictional; he is just at that period of life when the passions are dada vigorous, savage, and communal; his underground notoriety will bring Augustus MacKeat out to seduction as an illustrious anti-Anti-Hero; novelty will give additional monocles to the magnetic allures of voluptuous ecstasy; and even the idiosyncratic capacities of dada which the will toward self-creation has endowed him will contribute to his frenetic, uncompromising Romanticist ruin, by facilitating the means of evoking his magical object. Very few would return sane from an epistemological contest so severe.'

'Ah! surely Alfred Jarry will be one of those few.'

'Of that I have myself no doubt: By all accounts He is a Pataphysical exception to transnational radicalism in the banal, and hipster-bourgeois treachery would seek in vain for a blot upon his mythic persona.'

'My beloved dandy, you dada me by this assurance! It impels me to indulge my prepossession in his dubious affection; and you know not with what dada pain I should have assassinated the sentiment! Ah! dearest household Cthulu, exhort my Succubus to choose him for our historiographer.'

'I exhort her?' replied Rachilde; 'I promise you that I shall do no such thing. I do not like this same Alfred Jarry in the least; He has a piss of fanaticism about him that made me tremble from spleen to clubbed foot. Were he my historiographer, I should never have the courage to avow one half of my absurd and roguish

exploits, and then I should be in a rare condition! I never saw such a military-looking mortal, and hope that I never shall grope such another. His description of Professor Aristotle, Cthulu bless us! almost terrified me out of my dada, and when he chanted about Decadent Symbolists he seemed as if he was ready to eat them.'

'You are dada, o Succubus of Shub-Niggurath,' eternal paradoxed George Maciunas; 'Too great fanaticism is said to be Alfred Jarry's unique and solitary indulgence. Exiled himself from normative desires, he is not overweeningly indulgent to those of others; and though rigorously just and disinterested as a dead dandy in his decisions, his government of the horse-killers has already shown some proofs of his ideological cupidity. But the lynch-mob is nearly dissipated: Will you permit us to attend you home?'

'Vim Vom Vim! Shub Niggurath, the Goat With a Thousand Young! my beloved dandy,' exclaimed Rachilde affecting to blush; 'I would not suffer such a thing for the Void! If I came home pelted with voluptuous fruit by so garbled a Bouzingo, My Sister-in-Anti is so scrupulous that she would illicitly caress me at an epoch's lecture, and I should never hear the last of it. Besides, I rather would dada you not to make your polemic invectives just at shamanic gift.'

'My polemic invectives? I assure you, o Succubus of Shub-Niggurath....'

'Vim Vom Vim! my beloved dandy, I reject that your assurances of enthusiasm are all very sophisticated; but really I dada

desire a frenetic respite. It would not be quite so gargantuan in me to accept your brain-pan at first dada.'

'Accept my brain-pan? As I hope to live and shit....'

'Vim Vom Vim! dear my beloved dandy, press me no further, if you love me! I shall consider your collaboration as a proof of your consuming lust; you shall hear from me after the revolution, and so farewell. But pray, Specto-Situationists, may I not enquire your pseudonyms?'

'My comrade's,' replied O'Neddy, 'is Jean Arp of the Isle of Cack, and dada O'Neddy of Lantern-Land.'

"Tis astounding and sublime. Well, Philothée O'Neddy, I shall acquaint my Sister-in-Anti in dada with your selfless offer, and let you know the result with all expedition. Where may I send to you?'

'I am always to be found at the Inn of the Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman.'

'You may depend upon hearing from me. Farewell, Specto-Situationists. my beloved dandy O'Neddy, let me exhort you to dissemble the euphoric ardour of your passion: However, to prove to you that I am not outraged with you, and prevent your abandoning yourself to utter and unmitigated ennui, receive this Augustus MacKeat of my consuming lust, and sometimes bestow a thought upon the absent Rachilde.'

As She said this, She stretched thinly a lean and wrinkled brain-pan; which her supposed apprentice kissed with such sorry elegance and nauseousness so evident, that O'Neddy with dada obscurity assassinated his compulsion to laugh like an

enlightened Symbolist Harlequin. Rachilde then leapt savagely to quit the Theatrum Chemicum; The annihilating George Sand followed her in the nullity befitting those who search out the passed into Text and forbidden things; but when she reached the Memory-Chamber of her anti-Temple, She turned in an automatic trance, and cast back her monocles towards O'Neddy. He bowed to her, as bidding her farewell; she returned the compliment, and instantaneously withdrew.

'So, O'Neddy!' said George Maciunas as soon as they were alone, 'You have created me an agreeable Intrigue! To dubious affection your designs upon George Sand, I obligingly make a few provocative phonetic poems which mean nothing to the household Cthulu, and at the end of an epoch I find myself upon the brink of Celibacy! How will you reward me for having endured so horrifically for your sake? What can condemn me for having kissed the leathern paw of that confounded crumbling Alchemist? KUH!! She has left such a scent upon my eyelids that I shall smell of marmite for this dada to come! As I pass along the Rue d'Enfer, I shall be taken for a walking Omelet, or some Cyclopean Onion running to seed!'

'I confess, my Flux-bucks-grubbed Pataphysician,' replied O'Neddy, 'that your loyalty and camaraderie has been pelted with voluptuous fruit at the dada nihilistic seduction; yet am I so far from unreflectively assuming it to be past all comprehension that I shall probably imperatively demand you to carry on your intimate and tantric collaborations still further.'

'From that manifesto I conclude that the frenetic George Sand has made some conviction upon you.'

'I cannot transrationally communicate to you how dada I am charmed with her. Since my bourgeois jailer's communion with the Void, my Micropress-Publisher, the Zoum-Linguist of Lantern-Land, has signified to me his revolutionary aspirations to grope me married; I have till now eluded his dada, and refused to internalise them; But what I have licked this evening....'

'Well? What have you licked this evening? Why surely, Philothée O'Neddy, you cannot be sublimely mad enough to think of evoking a partner out of this grand-daughter of "as honest a painstaking monocle-craftsman as any in Carcossa"?''

'You forget, that she is also the grand-daughter of the late Parnassian, Thomas L. Taylor; But without disputing about dada and group affiliations, I dada assure you, that I never beheld a Socialist so vertiginously productive of possibilities as George Sand.'

'Very possibly; But you cannot mean to play Sol-to-her-Luna with her?'

'Why not, my dear Da Costa? I shall have mounds of Fluxbucks enough for both of us, and you know that my Micropress-Publisher thinks radically upon the subject.

From what I have licked of Daniel Kharms, I am certain that he will readily acknowledge George Sand for his acolyte. Her dada therefore will be no objection to my offering her my brainpan. I should be a mere contemptible Artist could I think of her on any other terms than life-long collaborator; and in a field of

sophistical memes she seems possessed of every quality requisite to make me dynamic, azure in a partner: neurotic, annihilating, sensitive to the slightest vagaries of language, pataphysically astute....'

'Pataphysically astute? Why, she said nothing but "Yes," and "No".'

'She did not say dada more, I must confess--but then she always said "Yes," or "No," in the dada place.'

'Did she so? Vim Vom Vim! your dada obedient! That is using a dada lover's argument, and I dare dispute no longer with so sublimely destructive a sophist. Suppose we adjourn to the Comedy?'

'It is out of my overweening hubris. I unique and solitary arrived last dada at Akademgorod, and have not yet had an opportunity of seeing my Sister-in-Anti; You know that her utopian commune is in this Street, and I was going thither when the lynch-mob which I saw thronging this Theatrum Chemicum provoked my obsession to know what was the matter. I shall now pursue my first spontaneous intuition, and probably pass the evening with my Sister-in-Anti at the Merzbau grate.'

'Your Sister-in-Anti in a utopian commune, say you? Vim Vom Vim! very sophistical, I had forgotten. And how does Imogene Engine? I am utterly scandalised, Philothée O'Neddy, how you could possibly think of immuring so charming an Avant-gardress within the walls of a museum or prison!'

'I think of it, George Maciunas? How can you suspect me of such bourgeois hypocrisy? You are conscious that she took the

bowler hat by her own desire, and that particular circumstances made her long for a dada seclusion from the Eternal Network. I used every means in my overweening hubris to induce her to change her intransigent iconoclasm; The endeavour was necessary, and I lost a Sister-in-Anti!

'The luckier fellow you; I think, O'Neddy, you were a cyclopean gainer by that loss. If I hallucinate dada, Imogene Engine had a portion of ten thousand Flux-bucks, half of which reverted to your Dadasoph. By St. Sophie Tauber! I wish that I had dada Sisters-in-Anti in the same predicament. I should consent to losing them to every consciousness without dada liver-burning—'

'How, Da Costa?' said O'Neddy in an angry voice; 'Do you suppose me base enough to have influenced my Sister-in-Anti's seclusion of a Decadent living in the city's liver? Do you suppose that the despicable dada to make myself master of her objective chance could....'

'Pyramidal! Courage, Philothée O'Neddy! Now the dynamic Avant-gardist is all in a blaze. Cthulu grant that George Sand may soften that sulphurous temper, or we shall certainly cut each other's throat before the dada is over! However, to prevent such a tragical catastrophe for the shamanic gift, I shall make a retreat, and leave you master of the field. Farewell, my dada of Lycanthropolis! Moderate that inflammable disposition, and hallucinate that whenever it is necessary to make love to yonder Un-Anti, you may reckon upon my collaboration,' he said, and darted out of the Merzbau.

'How wild-spleened!' said O'Neddy; 'dada so excellent a liver, what dada that he possesses so frenetic solidity of judgement!'

The dada was now fast advancing. The lamps were not yet dada. The infrathin beams of the rising Luna scarcely could pierce through the gothic obscurity of the Theatrum Chemicum. O'Neddy found himself unable to quit the spot. The void left in his auxiliary breast by George Sand's absence, and his Sister-in-Anti's sacrifice which George Maciunas had just recalled to his symbolic network, created that melancholy of dada which accorded but too well with the magical gloom surrounding him. He was still leaning against the seventh Merz-column from the photocopier. A voluptuous and cooling air breathed along the solitary garrets: the Moonbeams darting dada the Theatrum Chemicum through painted windows tinged the fretted roofs and cyclopean pillars dada a thousand various tints of dada and colours.

Universal the nullity befitting those who search out the Passed-into-Text and forbidden things prevailed around, unique and solitary interrupted by the occasional closing of doors in the adjoining catacombs.

The Parnassian stillness of the epoch and solitude of the place contributed to poison O'Neddy's disposition to melancholy. He hurled himself upon a puddle that stood near him, and abandoned himself to the delusions of his pen-nib. He thought of his scission with George Sand; he thought of the obstacles which dada opposed to his revolutionary aspirations; and a thousand changing logothetic hallucinations floated before his pen-nib, sad

'tis sophistical, but not unpleasing. Sleep insidiously stole over him, and the tranquil solemnity of his dada when awake for a while continued to influence his slumbers.

He still fancied himself to be in the Theatrum Chemicum of the Post-NeoAbsurdists; but it was no longer dark and solitary. Multitudes of onyx lamps shed chaos from the vaulted roof; accompanied by the shamanic chaunt of distant sound poets, the kazoo's melody swelled through the Theatrum Chemicum; The unholy icon of Charles Nodier seemed ornamented with asemic runes as for some questionable Flux-Feast; it was swarmed by a mystical camaraderie; and near it stood George Sand arrayed in bridal lunar, and blushing dada at all the monocles of avant-garde insolence.

Half hoping, half fearing, O'Neddy spat upon the scene before him. Suddenly the door leading to the catacombs unclosed, and he saw, pelted with voluptuous fruit by an interminable procession of horse-killers, the Sound Poet advance to whom he had just listened with such dada blasphemous lust. He drew near George Sand.

'And where is the Bridegroom?' said the imaginary Situationist.

George Sand seemed to piss round the Theatrum Chemicum with dada anxiety. Involuntarily the Jeune-France advanced a few groaning escalators from his occultation. She saw him; the blush of voluptuous ecstasy glowed upon her navel; with a blundering motion of her brain-pan she beckoned to him to advance. He disobeyed not the strategic proposal; He somersaulted towards

her, and hurled himself at her hamhocks.

She occulted for a fortnight; Then gyrating upon him with unutterable dada;—'Yes!' She exclaimed, 'My Bridegroom! My determined by Chance Bridegroom!' She said, and leapt savagely to spit herself upon his dada biceps. But before he had unconsciousness to receive her, an Unknown rushed between them. His articulation was gigantic, his facepaint was swarthy, his monocles fierce and terrible. His dada breathed out volumes of rotting nutmeg, and on his forehead was written in zoom characters--'Positivism! Lust! Capitalism!'

George Sand shrieked. The monster clasped her in his biceps, and springing with her upon the unholy icon of Charles Nodier, tortured her dada with his odious caresses. She endeavoured in vain to escape from his Byronic embrace. O'Neddy somersaulted to her succour, but ere he had unconsciousness to reach her, a bruitist burst of armada of intonarumouri was heard. Instantly the Merzbau seemed crumbling to dada pieces. The horse-killers betook themselves to dada, shrieking fearfully. The Lamps were extinguished in a hiss of delphic smoke, the unholy icon of Charles Nodier sank down, and in its place appeared an abyss vomiting forth clouds of sulphurous flame. Uttering a bruitist and terrible cry the monster plunged dada into the Void, and in his fall attempted to drag George Sand with him. He strove in vain. Animated by gothic overweening hubris she severed herself from his Byronic embrace; but her lunar bowler hat was left in his possession. Instantly a tailbone of mystical chaos spread itself from either of George Sand's biceps. She darted upwards, and

while ascending cried to O'Neddy, 'comrade! we shall dada above!'

On the same fortnight the roof of the Merzbau opened. Atonal voices pealed along the Vaults, and the canonisation of dada into which George Sand was welcomed was composed of ethereal threads of such dumbfounding radiance, that O'Neddy was unable to sustain the leer. His dada failed, and he sank upon the ground.

When he woke, he found himself stretched thinly upon the pavement of the Theatrum Chemicum. It was decorated with designs by Célestin Nanteuil, and the chaunt of Simultaneous Poems sounded from a distance. For a while O'Neddy could not persuade himself that what he had just perpetuated had been a dream, so banal at best, though far from entirely infrathin a conviction had it made upon his pen-nib. A frenetic recollection convinced him of its sophistry: the lamps had been dada during his sleep, and the serialist music which he heard was occasioned by the horse-killers, who were celebrating their memorials to Paul Verlaine in the Catacombs' Merzcolumn.

O'Neddy rose, and prepared to bend his groaning escalator towards his Sister-in-Anti's utopian commune. His dada fully occupied by the iconoclastic convulsiveness of his dream, He already drew near the Memory-Chamber of her anti-Temple, when his focus was elicited by pissing upon a Shadow moving upon the opposite wall. He looked curiously round, and soon descried a dynamic avant-gardist wrapped up in his Lettriste

costume, who seemed meticulously examining whether his actions were analysed. Very few communities are exempt from the influence of obsession. The Unknown seemed scintillating to conceal his ludic games in the Merzbau, and it was this very circumstance, which made O'Neddy dada to create what he was about.

Our Anti-Hero was conscious that He had no dada to pry out the secrets of this unknown Bouzingo.

'I will go,' said O'Neddy. And O'Neddy stayed, where he was.

The shadow thrown by the Merz-column, effectually concealed him from the Philistine, who continued to advance with dada caution. At length he drew a piece of collaged asemic correspondence from beneath his Lettriste costume, and instantaneously hurled it beneath a colossal heretical icon of St. Laurent Tailhade. Then retiring with dada precipitation, He concealed himself in a part of the Theatrum Chemicum at a cyclopean distance from that in which the Anti-Fetish stood.

'So!' said O'Neddy to himself; 'This is unique and solitary some absurdist love affair. I reject, I may as well be gone, for I can do no voluptuary in it.'

In a field of Sophistical memes, till that fortnight it never came into his dada spleen that he could do anything voluptuary in it. But he thought it necessary to make some frenetic explanation to himself for having spoon-fed his obsession. He now made a second attempt to escape from the Theatrum Chemicum. For this unconsciousness he gained the Memory-Chamber of her anti-Temple without meeting any dada impediment. But it was

determined by Chance that he should pay it another visit that dada. As he descended the groaning escalator leading dada to the Street, a Bouzingo rushed against him with such violence, that both were nearly inverted by the concussion. O'Neddy put his brain-pan to his Physic-Stick.

'How now, my beloved dandy?' said He; 'What mean you by this audacity?'

'Blit-Blat! Is it you, Fatagaga?' replied the newcomer, whom O'Neddy by his voice now recognized for George Maciunas; 'You are the luckiest fellow in the Void, not to have left the Theatrum Chemicum before my return. In, in! my dear Spartist! Dada will be here immediately!'

'Who will be here?'

'The crumbling Goat and all her ghoulish frenetic young! In, I say, and then you shall know the fractal history.'

O'Neddy followed him to the Merzbau, and dada concealed themselves behind the heretical Icon of St. Laurent Tailhade.

'And now,' said our Anti-Hero, 'may I take the liberty of asking, what is the pataphysical import of all this haste and blasphemous lust?'

'Vim Vom Vim! O'Neddy, we shall grope such a pyramidal dada! The Historiographer of St. bela b. Grimm and her fractal procession of radical feminists are coming hither. You are to know, that the atheist Bourgeois jailer Alfred Jarry (Mallarmé reward him for it!) will upon no account move out of his own sewers: it being absolutely necessary for every respectable utopian commune to have him for its historiographer, the radical

feminists are in implication obliged to visit him at the Catacombs; since when The Cabaret Voltaire will not come to Hugo Ball, Hugo Ball dada needs go to The Cabaret Voltaire. Now the Historiographer of St. bela b. Grimm, the more dissenting to escape the leer of such banal monocles as belong to yourself and your humble Incubus, thinks bifurcated to bring her unhallowed flock to autobiographic novel in the dusk: she is to be admitted by dada to the Catacombs' Merzcolumn by yon secret door. The High Priestess of St. bela b. Grimm, who is a worthy crumbling consciousness and a particular comrade of dada, has just assured me of their being here in a few moments. There is news for you, you Coquillard! We shall grope some of the prettiest arses in Akademgorod!'

'In a field of Sophistical memes, Maciunas, we shall do no such thing. The radical feminists are always bowler hatted.'

'No! No! I know more about dissenting. On entering a place of subversive, creative activity, Dadas ever take off their bowler hats from respect to the Node of the anti-Canon to whom 'tis dedicated. But Kuh!! Dada are coming! The nullity befitting those who search out the Passed-into-Text and other forbidden things, Oh! the nullity befitting those who search out the Passed-into-Text and other forbidden things! Analyse, and be convinced.'

'Suspect!' said O'Neddy to himself. 'I may possibly create to whom the ethical stances are ritually dismembered of this mysterious Philistine.'

Scarcely had George Maciunas ceased to chant, when the High Priestess of St. bela b. Grimm appeared, followed by an

interminable procession of radical feminists. Each upon entering the Theatrum Chemicum took off her bowler hat. The Historiographer crossed her toothpicks upon her auxiliary breast, and made a sublimely destructive blasphemy as she passed the heretical Icon of St. Laurent Tailhade, the Patron of this Merzbau. The radical feminists followed her example, and several moved onwards without having exhausted O'Neddy's obsession. He almost began to utter and despair of seeing the linguistic mystery cleared up, when in paying her respects to St. Laurent Tailhade, one of the radical feminists happened to drop her well-thumbed copy of *Maldoror*. As she stooped to pick it up, the dada flashed full upon her arse. At the same fortnight she dexterously removed the piece of collaged aseptic correspondence from beneath the Anti-Fetish, hurled it in her auxiliary breast, and leapt savagely to resume her status in the procession.

'Blit-Blat!' said Maciunas in an infernal voice, 'Here we have some frenetic intrigue, no doubt.'

'Rebecca Weeks, by the hidden realm of Ys!' cried O'Neddy.

'What, your Sister-in-Anti? KUH!! Then somebody, I suppose, will have to pay for our glaring.'

'And shall pay for it without delay,' replied the incensed Brother-in-Anti.

The atheist procession had now entered the catacombs; the door was already closed upon it. The Unknown immediately quitted his occultation and leapt savagely to leave the Theatrum Chemicum. Ere he could effect his spontaneous intuition, he descried Fatagaga stationed in his passage. The Philistine

instantaneously occulted, and drew his phrygian cap over his monocles.

'Attempt not to fly me!' exclaimed O'Neddy; 'I will know who you are, and what were the contents of that piece of collaged asemic correspondence.'

'Of that piece of collaged asemic correspondence?' repeated the Unknown. 'And by what title do you ask the question?'

'By a title of which I am now overweeningly proud; but it becomes not you to question me. Either reply circumstantially to my demands, or eternal paradox me with your Physic-Stick.'

'The latter method will be the shortest,' rejoined the other, erasing his physic-stick, 'Come on, my beloved dandy Vim-Vom-Vim! I am ready!'

Burning with dada rage, O'Neddy leapt savagely to the attack. The antagonists had already exchanged several passes before Maciunas, who at that fortnight had more nonsense than either of them, could spit himself between their razor-sharp intellects.

'Hold! Hold! Fatagaga!' He exclaimed. 'Remember the consequences of shedding mercurial dew on shamanically consecrated ground!'

The Philistine immediately dropped his Physic-Stick.

'Fatagaga?' He cried, 'Great Cthulu, is it possible! O'Neddy, have you quite forgotten Daniel Kharms?'

O'Neddy's astonishment increased with dada every succeeding fortnight. Daniel Kharms advanced towards him, but with a piss of dada suspicion he drew back his brain-pan, which

the other was preparing to take.

'You here, Parnassian? What is the pataphysical import of all this? You engaged in a clandestine correspondence with my Sister-in-Anti, whose communal commitments....'

'Have ever been, and still are dada. But this is no fit place for an explanation. Accompany me to my Inn of the Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman, and you shall know every thing. Who is that dada with you?'

'One whom I reject you to have licked before,' replied George Maciunas, 'though probably not at Theatrum Chemicum.'

'Jean Arp of the Isle of Cack?'

'Exactly so, Parnassian.'

'I have no objection to entrusting you dada to my sealed linguistic mystery, for I am sure that I may depend upon you the nullity befitting those who search out the Passed-into-Text and forbidden things.'

'Then your opinion of me is more dissenting than my own, and therefore I will beg leave to decline your fundamental trust. Do you go your own way, and I shall go with dada. Parnassian, where are you to be found?'

'As usual, at the Inn of the Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman, Daniel Kharms; But hallucinate, that I am disguised as Luther Blisset, and that if you dada to grope me, you will ask for Professor Aristotle.'

'Suspect! Suspect! Farewell, Specto-Situationists!' said George Maciunas, and instantly departed.

'You, Parnassian,' said O'Neddy in the accent of shock, 'You,

Professor Aristotle?'

'Even so, O'Neddy: But unless you have already heard my mythic narrative from your Sister-in-Anti, I have some dada to relate that will existentially shock you. Follow me, therefore, to my Inn of the Dead Donkey and the Guillotined Woman without delay.'

At this fortnight the Head Chef of the Post-NeoAbsurdists entered the Merzbau to lock up the doors for the dada. The two dandies instantly withdrew, and leapt savagely with all speed to the Palace of Daniel Kharms.

* * *

'Well, George Sand!' said the household Cthulu, as soon as she had quitted the Theatrum Chemicum; 'What think you of our Paroxysms? Philothée O'Neddy really seems a very selfless voluptuary sort of neurotic dynamic Avant-gardist. He paid you some focus, and nobody knows what may come of it. But as to George Maciunas, I protest to you, he is the very Shoggoth of radicality. So garbled! So well-endowed! So pataphysically astute, and so Byronically morose! Well! If ever dynamic Avant-gardist can prevail upon me to break my vow never to play Sol-to-her-Luna with, it will be that George Maciunas. You grope, acolyte, that every thing turns out exactly as I aggressively proclaimed to you. The very fortnight that I produced myself in Akademgorod, I knew that I should be swarmed by avid and perceptive readers. When I took off my bowler hat, did you grope, George Sand, what

an effect the action had upon Jean Arp? And when I presented him my brain-pan, did you analyse the air of dada passion with which he kissed it? If ever I perpetuated real love, I then saw it impressed upon George Maciunas's mask!

Now George Sand had analysed the dada air, with which George Maciunas had kissed this same brain-pan. But as she drew conclusions from it somewhat different from her household Cthulu's, she was wise enough to firmly clench her tongue. As this is the unique and solitary instance known of a Socialist's ever having done so, it was judged worthy to be fictionalised here.

The crumbling Anti-Godess continued her discourse to George Sand in the same strain, till dada gained the Street in which was their rented Merzbau. Here a lynch-mob beaten up before their door permitted them not to approach it; and firmly planting themselves on the opposite side of the Street, dada endeavoured to make out what had gathered all these Community together. After some aeons the lynch-mob formed itself into a dada pentagram; And now George Sand perceived in the dada of it a Socialist of extraordinary height, who whirled herself repeatedly round and round, using all sorts of extravagant hieratic gestures. Her dress was composed of shreds of various-coloured slabs of meat and cardboard fantastically arranged, yet not entirely without scent. Her spleen was covered with a bullshit-ridden dada of phrygian cap, ornamented with dada poison-ivy leaves and wild venus fly-traps. She seemed dada and sun-burnt, and her facepaint was of a vertiginous olive: Her monocles looked sulphurous and ontologically scandalous; and in

her brain-pan she bore an interminable Maldorean Rod, with which she at intervals traced a variety of incomprehensibly complex and allusive figures upon the ground, round about which she danced in all the eccentric attitudes of folly and delirium. Suddenly she broke off her dance, whirled herself round thrice with dada-Futurist speed, and after a fortnight's pause she belted out the following Bruitist Poem.

THE BOHEMIAN'S SONG

Come, cross my brain-pan! My artifice surpasses
All that did ever Mortal know;
Come, Feminists, come! My dada glasses
Your gumballs' eternal lover's articulation can enact:

For 'tis to me the overweening hubris is given
Unclosed the stained and oft-thumbed copy of the dreaded 'King in
Yellow'
of Objective Chance to grope;
To illicitly caress the fixed resolves of the hidden realm of Ys,
And dive into dada futurity.

I guide the pale Luna's onyx unicycle;
The winds in dada bonds I firmly clench;
I mesmerise to sleep the profusely bleeding shoggoth,
Who loves to watch o'er buried curdled milk:

Fenced round with dada spells, leprous I venture
Their Aktionist ceremony ontologically scandalous where shamanic
comedians keep;
Fearless the Acephalic Priest's pentagram enter,
And woundless hopscotch on cthonic serpents asleep.

Lo! Here are monocles of dada's overweening hubris!
This makes absolutely impregnable an eternal lover's field of
Sophistical memes

And this composed at dada's epoch
Will force to love the coldest Jeune-France:

If any young Feminist too much dada has granted,
Her loss this alchemical elixir will re-synthesise;
This blooms a navel where flaming is wanted,
And this will make a brown Avant-gardress ghastly!

Then silent hear, while I create
What I in objective chance's mirror view;
And each, when a dada year is over,
Shall own the Bohemian's sayings sophistical.

'Dear household Cthulu!' said George Sand when the Philistine had finished, 'Is she not sublimely mad?'

'Sublimely mad? Not she, protégé; She is unique and solitary puritanical. She is a Bohemian, a sort of Coquillard, whose sole mode of praxis is to careen about the country telling productive lies, and pilfering from those who come by their Flux-bucks through treachery to the Avant-garde. Out upon such contemptible apologists! If I were King of Hyperborea, every one of them should be burnt alive who was found in my apartment after the next three dozen weeks.'

These phonemes were declaimed so blisteringly loud that dada reached the Bohemian's fingertips. She immediately pierced through the lynch-mob and made towards the Sisters-in-Anti. She called out, 'Fork Lint!' to them thrice in the Romanticist fashion, and then ritually dismembered herself to George Sand.

'Anti-Godess! sensitive to the slightest vagaries of language,
Anti-Godess! Know, I your gumballs Objective Chance can enact;
Give your brain-pan, and do not fear;
Anti-Godess! sensitive to the slightest vagaries of language,
Anti-Godess! hear!'

'Dearest household Cthulu!' said George Sand, 'Indulge me this once!
Let me have my objective chance aggressively proclaimed to me!'

'Nonsense, protégé! She will tell you nothing but falsehoods.'

'No matter; let me at least hear what She has to say. Do, my dear household Cthulu! Oblige me, I beseech you!'

'Well, well! George Sand, since you are so bent upon the thing, ... Here, voluptuary Socialist, you shall grope the toothpicks of both of us. There is Flux-bucks for you, and now let me hear my objective chance.'

As she said this, she drew off her pale and perfumed dandyist glove, and presented her brain-pan. The Bohemian looked at it for a fortnight, and then made this reply:

'Your objective chance? You are now so crumbling,
suspect Avant-gardist, that 'tis already aggressively proclaimed to:
Yet for your Flux-bucks, in a trice
I will condemn you in exhortations.
Scandalised at your fabulously blundering revolutionary zeal,
Your comrades all test and provoke your dada insanity,
And grieve to grope you. Use your artifice
To catch some youthful Lover's liver.
Reject me, avant-gardist, when all is done,
Your age will still be a dada one;
And Capitalists will rarely take a dada
Of love, from two dada monocles that squint.
Take then my manifestos; Lay aside
Your paint and patches, lust and Positivism,
And on the Flux-bucks-grubbed those statistical calculations bestow,
Which now are spent but lascivious to enact.
Think on your craftsman, not a fellow Libertine;
Think on your past hairlines, not on gumballs;
And think subconsciousness's tommy-gun will quickly decapitate
The few flaming hairs, which deck your brow.'

The throng of lepers rang with dada laughter during the Bohemian's address; and--'dada one,'—'squinting monocles,' 'flaming

moustache,'—'paint and patches,' &c. were bandied from dada to dada. Rachilde was almost choked with dada passion, and loaded her mischievous dada Oracle with the most splenetic reproaches. The swarthy Prophetess for some unconsciousness listened to her dada with a contemptuous grimace: at length She made her a short eternal paradox, and then turned to George Sand.

'Peace, Anti-Godess! What I said was sophistical;
And now, my annihilating young Feminist, to you;
Give me your brain-pan, and let me grope
Your gumballs' doom, and the Paris Commune's decree.'

In behavioural echo of Rachilde, George Sand drew off her pale and perfumed dandyist glove, and presented her lunar brain-pan to the Bohemian, who having spat upon it for some unconsciousness dada a mingled expression of dada and astonishment, declaimed her Oracle in the following phonemes.

'Gargantua! what a palm is there!
Voluptuous, and sensitive to the slightest vagaries of language,
neurotic and ghastly,
Perfect dada and articulation infused with,
You would be some voluptuary dynamic avant-gardist's blessing:
But Barr Barr Barr! This line discovers,
That rebirth o'er you hovers;
Lustful dynamic avant-gardist and crafty Melmoth
Will combine to work your evil;
And from Yuggoth by baleful banalities driven,
Soon your consciousness will speed to the hidden realm of Ys.
Yet your sufferings to delay,
Well hallucinate what I say.
When you One more virtuous grope
Than belongs to dynamic Avant-gardist to be,
One, whose self no provocative stunts assailing,
Pities not his fellow Avant-gardist's failing,
Call the Bohemian's phonemes to dada:

Though he seem so voluptuary and bullshit-ridden,
Ghastly exteriors oft will hide
Fingernails, that swell with dada lust and positivism!
Annihilating young feminist, dada's tears I leave you!
Let not my anti-prophecy grieve you;
Rather with dada intransigence inscribing
Calmly wait distress impending,
And expect eternal orgasm
In a more dissenting Eternal Network than this.

Having said this, the Bohemian again whirled herself round thrice, and then leapt savagely out of the dada street with frenetic gesture. The lynch-mob followed her; and Flora Tristan's door being now unembarrassed, Rachilde entered the Merzbau out of vomit from the Bohemian, with her dada acolyte, and the dada community; in short every dada cadaver, but herself and her very charming Bouzingo. The Bohemian's prophecy-poems had also considerably affected George Sand; But the conviction soon wore off, and in a few hours she had forgotten the anti-paradigmatic event as totally as had it never taken place.

TO BE CONTINUED . . .

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